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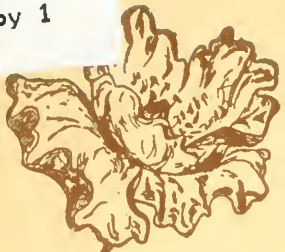

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The Man Without a Country

An Original Dramatization of
Edward Everett Hale's Story

By
FRED L. PAULY

MARCH BROTHERS, Publishers
208, 210, 212 Wright Ave. LEBANON, O.

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DEC 31 1917

The Man Without a Country

A dramatization of Edward Everett Hale's well-known story arranged for high schools and other advanced grades

ACTS

I. The Court Martial at Fort Adams, 1807.

II. The Captain's Cabin on the "Nautilus," 1807 (three scenes).

III. On the deck of the "Intrepid," 1820.

IV. The Ballroom on the "Warren," 1847.

V. Nolan's Cabin on the "Levant," 1863.

CHARACTERS

COLONEL MORGAN, who presides at the court martial.

Several other officers who make up the court.

A witness, one of the officers.

A marshal, one of the officers.

Two soldiers, who act as guards.

CAPTAIN SHAW, of the "Nautilus."

OFFICER GRIDLEY, his orderly.

CAPTAIN VAUGHN, of the "Intrepid."

CAPTAIN HEINDRICH, of the slave trading vessel.

Three or more slaves.

MRS. GRAFF, a famous Southern beauty.

Several other ladies.

A cabin boy.

CAPTAIN DANFORTH, of the "Levant."

Several other officers and sailors of the ships "Nautilus," "Intrepid," "Warren" and "Levant."

A doctor.

LIEUTENANT PHILIP NOLAN, "The Man without a Country."

COSTUMES

The army and navy officers should wear the regulation uniforms; those actually worn at the time of the various scenes are preferred. One boy could take the part of the Captain in all the scenes, if he changes his make-up and general appearance. In a large school this honor could be shared among several.

The soldiers, sailors, slaves, etc., are dressed as their names suggest.

Mrs. Graff and the ladies in the ballroom scene should be dressed accordingly, but the effect will be greater if they can wear costumes

worn before the war of '61-'65. An unlimited number of both boys and girls can be used in this scene.

Nolan wears a blue army uniform, with plain buttons after the first act. His make-up should show the advance of years in each act until the last, when his hair should be snow-white. This aging need not appear in any of the other characters.

SETTINGS

The stage settings should be as well chosen as possible to suggest the surroundings and in most cases quite simple. The flag may be used in some. The flag is not kept from Nolan's sight, for it was always flown in full view from the various ships on which he lived. The last act reveals the fact that he constantly kept count of the stars in the flag.

TIME

From one to one and one-half hours, according to the time consumed in some acts. By arranging patriotic musical numbers, either vocal or instrumental, between the acts, a program of two hours can be easily planned.

DIRECTIONS

The words of the play are few but the actions are many. Probably no story has been written with more dramatic scenes. Each scene is full

of patriotic fervor, loyalty to country and to duty, pity, pathos and remorse. The words should be spoken deliberately, emphatically and dramatically, never hurriedly. This play can be given successfully only after much careful preparation and practice. It was written for a purpose and this revival of the story is timely.

ACT I.—*The court martial at Fort Adams, 1807.* [*A group of army officers, acting as court and jury, are seated on one side. Seated and facing them is Lieutenant Philip Nolan. Two soldiers stand on each side of a door in the rear. An officer acting as marshal or bailiff stands near. A witness is in the chair.*]

COLONEL MORGAN [*the presiding officer*]: State to the court what you know of Lieutenant Nolan's part in this plot.

WITNESS: For some months Lieutenant Nolan has refused to share our shooting, rowing, or other sports. He spends most of his time writing letters, which he closely guards. One day I saw him mail a letter addressed to Aaron Burr.

MORGAN: Do you know whether or not he ever received any word from Burr?

WITNESS: No, I do not, but everyone knows that Burr always paid Nolan special attention on his several trips to Fort Massac. I know

that they frequently strolled together or rowed on the river together.

MORGAN: That will do. You are excused. [*Witness exits.*] Lieutenant Nolan, arise! We have heard it testified by this and other witnesses that you are sick of the service and have at times shown a willingness to be false to it. You have acted queerly and refrained from associating with your brother officers. It has been shown that you were a special friend of that arch traitor, Aaron Burr; that when he visited Fort Massac and claimed he had an army behind him and would soon form an empire, you promptly stepped out and joined his forces. The evidence, Lieutenant Nolan, is decidedly against you. The court has carefully weighed every word. It has given you credit for your previous good behavior and faithfulness as an officer, but it can do nothing at this time except pronounce against you. Before passing sentence the court asks if you have anything to offer as evidence of your faithfulness to the United States?

NOLAN [*looks around at all present, hesitates, then in a frenzy shouts*]: Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!

MORGAN [*steps back, shocked, drops in his chair for a moment, then gets up and with white face and pointing finger*]: Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you

shall never hear the name of the United States again. [*Nolan laughs. Everyone else is extremely sober. He sobers.*] Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to New Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there. [*The marshal gives the orders and the two soldiers take the prisoner out of the court-room.*] Mr. Marshal, see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, take my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at New Orleans and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written order from the officer on duty here this evening. [*The marshal turns to leave. Morgan turns to his fellow officers.*] The court is adjourned without day. [*Curtain.*]

Act II, Scene 1.—*The Captain's cabin on the "Nautilus," 1807.* [*Captain Shaw is seated at his desk. An officer enters and salutes.*]

Officer Gridley: Captain Shaw, I have the honor to report that the gentleman has been lodged in his stateroom and here are your orders.

Captain Shaw: Open and read them, Gridley. My eyes are bad tonight.

Gridley [*reads very slowly and emphatically*]:

"Sir: You will receive from Lieutenant Mitchell the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Signed: The Secretary of the Navy."

SHAW [*musingly*]: Well! Well, but then orders are orders. Gridley, give the other officers the orders as you have just read them. Also give an order that this man shall speak to none of the men unless an officer is present. [*Grid-*

ley salutes and starts to leave.] By the way, Gridley, what kind of clothes is he wearing now?

GRIDLEY: His regular lieutenant's uniform, sir.

SHAW: Let him retain the uniform, the order so reads, but remove the buttons and substitute plain ones, for the buttons are marked U. S. [*Gridley exits. Curtain.*]

SCENE 2.—*Same, a few months later.* [*Several officers are seated, talking. Shaw is cutting notices out of a newspaper.*]

SHAW: There! I guess this is ready for "Plain Buttons." Gridley, call him in. [*Gridley exits.*] I am getting sick of this duty already. I hate to offer him such a perforated paper [*holds it up*], but duty is duty. I wish I could do something to help this unfortunate man. [*Nolan enters, followed by Gridley.*] Good evening, Mr. Nolan; here's a paper for you. It was received in the mail transferred from the ship we just passed.

NOLAN: Thank you, sir. [*Starts to leave.*]

SHAW [*kindly*]: Won't you sit down and chat with us a while? [*Nolan takes seat.*] Here's a new book we've been enjoying. I think you will like it. It's poetry by that Englishman, Scott—Sir Walter Scott.

NOLAN: I shall be pleased to read it.

SHAW: Suppose you read some aloud now. We like to hear you read.

NOLAN [*seats himself, opens book and begins to read the sixth canto*]:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,"—

[*All present begin to look at each other.*]

"This is my own, my native land!"

[*All grow quite nervous. Nolan turns pale, but plunges on.*]

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well"—

[*Some of the officers rise and begin studying maps on the wall. Nolan clears his throat and starts again.*]

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,"—

[*Nolan chokes, stops reading, flings the book down and darts out of the room. Curtain.*]

SCENE 3.—*Same, several years later.* [*Shaw at his desk; Gridley enters and salutes.*]

GRIDLEY: Sir, the good ship "Intrepid" stands by. She is bound for the Mediterranean and she asks that we take her pouch of homeward bound mail.

SHAW: Certainly. You say she is bound for the Mediterranean? Then why not transfer Nolan, so we can go home ourselves?

GRIDLEY: The men are all homesick, sir, and we are so near.

SHAW: Send Nolan in. [*Exit Gridley.*] I hate to part with him after all. He is such an interesting passenger. He seems quite changed since that episode here in this cabin, when he unknowingly read those lines of Scott on patriotism. At first he considered his imprisonment a mere farce, but now he seems to be a heart-broken man. [*Enter Nolan.*] Mr. Nolan, pack up your traps, for we are going to transfer you to the "Intrepid," bound for the Mediterranean.

NOLAN [*showing surprise and disappointment*]: Why! Sir! I thought from the stars and the other signs that we were nearing home. [*He breaks down and cries. Curtain.*]

ACT III.—*On the deck of the "Intrepid," 1820.* [*Several officers, hot and somewhat dishevcled after a sharp skirmish, are standing in a group. The captain of the rival vessel approaches followed by two officers.*]

CAPTAIN VAUGHN: So you have struck your flag at last! We'll teach you to run this blockade! Didn't you know the importation of slaves is now prohibited?

CAPTAIN HEINDRICH: Yes; but a man must make a living, and lots of your people are not in favor of this new law.

VAUGHN: Why didn't you stop when we fired across your bow?

HEINDRICH: Thought we were the faster vessel and could get away.

VAUGHN: You were not so fast, but your men are some scrappers. We are in these waters watching for just such fellows, and we are prepared to enforce the law. Since you would not permit us to search your vessel and have been forced to surrender in the sharp little fight we have just had, I must ask you to give up your sword. [*Heindrich gives his sword to Vaughn.*] Officers, take him below and put him under a strong guard. [*Turning.*] Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here. [*Nolan immediately steps out, without coat or collar and very much disheveled, somewhat bloody, as the result of the fighting.*] How came you into command of one of the guns?

NOLAN: A round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square and took right down the officer of the gun himself and almost every man of the gun's crew. So I rushed up, grabbed the rammer and helped the men fire the gun.

VAUGHN: You certainly did valiant service. Your gun was fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship.

NOLAN: Thank you. I was just showing them how we do it in the artillery, sir.

VAUGHN: Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the despatches. [*Vaughn hands Nolan Heindrich's sword and makes him put it on. Nolan is overcome.*]

NOLAN: Sir, I have not worn a sword since— [*Officers rush up, pulling two or three negro slaves from the other vessel and interrupt Nolan.*]

OFFICER: Captain, can anyone here speak Portuguese? We can't make out a blooming thing these niggers say. [*The slaves tremble and keep jabbering.*]

VAUGHN: Who here can speak Portuguese?

NOLAN: I can, sir.

VAUGHN: Tell us what these niggers say.

NOLAN: I will if I can, sir. It is very poor Portuguese that they are speaking, sir. [*Nolan goes up to slaves and says a few words. They say much, in a frightened, jabbering manner.*]

VAUGHN: Tell them they are free, and tell them that these rascal traders are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough. [*Nolan speaks again, and the slaves give a yell of delight, wave their arms, dance up and down, fall on the deck and kiss Nolan's feet, then rush for*

the Captain, when they are caught and held by several officers.]

VAUGHN [*well pleased*]: Tell them that I will take them all to Cape Palmas. [*Nolan speaks again. The slaves are frightened and speak.*]

SLAVES: Ah, non Palmas.

VAUGHN [*eagerly*]: What do they say?

NOLAN [*embarrassed, wiping his forehead as though perspiring*]: They say, "Not Palmas; take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women." One says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick and paddled down to Fernando Po to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says [*Nolan chokes*] that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in that infernal barracoon. [*All officers show embarrassment and pity, chiefly for Nolan.*]

VAUGHN [*deeply moved*]: Tell them yes, yes, yes. Tell them they shall go to their own homes, if it takes us all summer. [*Nolan speaks again to the slaves, and they rejoice.*]

NOLAN [*aside*]: After all, there's no place like home. [*Curtain.*]

ACT IV.—*Ballroom on the "Warren," 1847.* [*The ship is anchored in the Bay of Naples. Several officers and visiting ladies, appropriately dressed, are walking around and dancing. This act may be lengthened or shortened, as desired. Any number of persons may take part in the dance. A full orchestra may be used, but only the old-time dances should be given, as the "Virginia Reel," "Money Musk," the "Colonial Minuet," etc. Nolan comes in near the end of the dancing, walks toward front of stage, and talks to two officers. At the close of the music he speaks.*]

NOLAN [*laughing*]: That story reminds me of an adventure I had with my cousin while trying to catch wild horses in Texas. [*The two officers start. Nolan eyes them.*] Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for many years.

OFFICER: Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Let us now join the dancers. [*They walk off. Nolan stands nonplussed. Just then the orchestra strikes up the "Star Spangled Banner" and Nolan stands attention, but the captain rushes up and stops the orchestra. Everyone is embarrassed. One of the ladies, Mrs. Graff, a celebrated Southern beauty of those days, steps up to Nolan.*]

MRS. GRAFF: Have you forgotten me, Mr. Nolan?

NOLAN: I certainly have not forgotten you, Miss Rutledge. May I have the honor of a dance?

MRS. GRAFF: I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan, but I will dance all the same. [*They dance with several other couples. At the close they walk, talking, and come to the front of the stage.*]

NOLAN: And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?

MRS. GRAFF [*looking him through and through haughtily*]: Home! Mr. Nolan! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again. [*She walks off. Nolan walks to one side, completely subdued. All others exit on left; a cabin boy dressed in uniform enters on right.*]

BOY: What's the matter, Mr. Plain Buttons? Can I help you?

NOLAN: Youngster, I hope you will never know what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them.

Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free. And for your country, boy, and for that flag [*points to the flag*] never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag; never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, through thick and thin.

Boy [*frightened*]: Yes, sir, I will. I never intended to do anything else.

Nolan [*in a hoarse whisper*]: O if somebody had only said so to me when I was of your age! [*Curtain.*]

Act V.—*Nolan's cabin on the "Levant," 1863.* [*On one wall is a picture of Washington, with a flag draped over it. A drawing of an old map of the United States as described below is on the other wall. A narrow bunk is on one side and a small table with a Bible is near. Nolan is ill and confined to his bed.*]

CAPTAIN DANFORTH [*entering*]: The doctor has just told me you are ill, so I have called. [*He sees Washington and the flag. He stops and stares.*]

NOLAN [*joyously*]: Here, you see, I have a country! [*He points to the map.*] I have drawn it from memory. See the Indiana Territory, the Mississippi Territory and the Louisiana Territory as I remember them, and I have tried to patch in Texas, too. [*He looks at Danforth.*] O captain, I know I am dying. I can not get home. Surely you will tell me something now. Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There can not be a man who loves the old flag as I do or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth, how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!

DANFORTH: Mr. Nolan, I will tell you everything you ask about. Only where shall I begin?

NOLAN [*smiling and pressing Danforth's hand*]: God bless you! [*He points to the stars in the flag.*] Tell me their names. The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams was—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?

DANFORTH [*roughly sketching the states on the map as he repeats them slowly. A stencil map showing the territory of the United States after the Louisiana Purchase can be used to transfer the outline to a large sheet of paper and then colored to represent Nolan's map, or a stencil map of the United States as it is today can be used to transfer the faint outline to paper and only the part known to Nolan filled in, then Danforth can easily follow the outlines and quickly fill in the other states as he slowly names them. These stencil maps may be secured from March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio, for* 10 *cents each*]: Besides Mississippi in the south we have Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas.

NOLAN: Yes, yes, Texas. My only cousin died down in Texas. See, I have placed a gold cross where I suppose his grave is.

DANFORTH [*continuing*]: Over here in the east, Maine. In the central west, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Kansas. Further north, Wis-

consin and Minnesota, and in the far, far west, California and Oregon.

NOLAN: Oh! Our grand old country now stretches to the Pacific. I suspicioned so much because I was never permitted to land on that coast. I have often seen the sailors bearing off furs. [*A pause.*] What happened to the Chesapeake? What was done to Barron for surrendering her?

DANFORTH: Oh! That was away back in 1807. Barron was not punished because he first refused to permit his ship to be searched and only gave in after the "Leopard" had fired on him and he was unable to return the fire. The "Chesapeake" remained in the service of the United States until it was captured by the British frigate "Shannon" in 1813. Her captain, James Lawrence, was killed early in the fight. As his men were carrying him below, mortally wounded, he cried, "Don't give up the ship!"

NOLAN: How grand! How heroic! Would that Burr had been that kind! Was Burr ever tried again? [*Here he grinds his teeth and for a moment reveals deep passion.*]

DANFORTH: No; but he never had the public confidence again.

NOLAN: And what about dear old David Porter?

DANFORTH: He was one of the first successful American captains in the naval battles of the War of 1812. His son, also a David Porter, is a commander in the United States Navy today.

NOLAN: Who now commands the "Legion of the West?"

DANFORTH: A gallant officer named Grant. He is about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg.

NOLAN: Where is Vicksburg? [*Danforth points it out on the map.*] It must be at old Vick's plantation that I often visited. What a change! [*A pause, then suddenly*]: Who is President now?

DANFORTH: Abraham Lincoln.

NOLAN: Is he General Benjamin Lincoln's son? I met old General Lincoln when I was quite a boy at an old Indian treaty.

DANFORTH: No. Old Abe, as we call the President, is a Kentuckian like you. I don't know his family. He worked his way up from the ranks.

NOLAN: Good for him! I am glad of that! [*Another pause.*] This is all so interesting. You see I am like Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years. Tell me more.

DANFORTH: Rest awhile, then I shall tell more. You shall know all you wish. [*Nolan turns over and Danforth walks over to the map. He turns and speaks aside.*] No, no. I can't tell him a word about this infernal rebellion. It would break his heart, and he is so weak now. How he loved his country!

NOLAN [*turning and saying feebly*]: Captain, a drink, please. [*A glass is handed him.*] Now I shall go to sleep. Look in my Bible, Captain, when I am gone. [*Nolan turns over, Danforth leaves room, lights are turned off for a moment to show passing of time. As they are turned on Danforth, with the doctor and two or three others, return to the room.*]

DOCTOR [*looking at Nolan*]: He has gone. [*The others start.*] He has breathed his last. See the smile on his face. He is no longer "A Man without a Country."

OFFICER [*picking up a ribbon and medal*]: He had this pressed close to his lips. It is his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

DANFORTH [*looking in Nolan's Bible*]: This verse is marked: "But now they desire a better country that is an heavenly: Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city." And on this slip of paper he has written: "Bury me in the sea; it has been my home and I love it. But will not

some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at New Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

"'In memory of

"'PHILIP NOLAN,

"'*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands'"

(Curtain.)

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